

—On the bill of fare in a restaurant at Rio Janeiro is a dish called "Aristu." It is intended for Irish stew.

—A church in Bavaria accommodates 3,000 people has been almost entirely built of paper-mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, as it takes a polish superior to slate.

—The earliest money struck in Ireland was in the latter part of the tenth century, in the reign of the Hiberno-Danish Sihthir III., King of Dublin, a contemporary of Ethelred II., sole monarch of Saxon England, whose coins were imited by the Dublin King.

—The Bermondsey Vestry in England has decided that a tradesman who had sold a cat as a rabbit should be exonerated from all blame, because the cat, one of a parcel of genuine rabbits imported from Ostend was bought and sold in good faith as a specimen of the latter animal. The purchaser had taken a fancy to that particular rabbit, but afterward took it back, whereupon the vender took it to Dr. Dixon (the local medical officer) for examination. It was then found to be a cat.

—The Advanced Republicans of France, who already have civil marriages and civil funerals, are now beginning to practice civil baptisms. A fortnight ago, at a village in the Indre-et-Loire, the Mayor officiated, and pouring some white wine on the child's head, pronounced the words: "Pierre Victor, I baptize thee in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity. Vive la Republique!"

—In New Zealand they co-operate for medical attendance. A correspondent of the *Lancet* says: "A system exists of getting up clubs which contain nine-tenths of the population, and are subscribed to by men who would blush to do so in England; well-to-do people, who would be shocked over here at the thought of attending a dispensary. The doctor's fee per annum for a member varies from \$4 to \$5. This includes medicines and attendance." He earnestly advises young doctors to stay at home.

—In 1736 there died in the Fleet Prison, London, a person named Yardley, who had been confined for ten years for a debt of \$500, which, with the obstinacy of the defendant in Bardell vs. Pickwick, he refused to pay. In his will, we found some effects worth \$25,000, and a good real estate income of \$3,500 a year. Prisoners with means could have every comfort, and it was the place of all others for good stories and good fellowship.

—In recognition of his distinguished services in Egypt, the German Emperor has sent to the Duke of Connaught the *Order pour le Merite*, founded by Frederick the Great, and the highest military decoration in the gift of the Prussian Crown. This is the same order as the Emperor conferred upon his victorious son, the Crown Prince, on meeting him on the field of Koniggratz. The Duke of Connaught, by his marriage with a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, the stormer of Dappel and the capture of Metz, may now be regarded as a member of the royal family of Prussia.

—The municipality of Paris have decided to erect in prominent places posters signaling to the police officers in case of an alarm of fire or other mishap. The system is the most complete of the kind yet devised. In a box at the top of the post eight buttons will be fixed, and directions will be given as to their use. Thus on pulling No. 1 a signal meaning "fire" will be transmitted along telegraphic wire. No. 2 will signify great fire; No. 3, an accident; No. 4, riot; No. 5, a robbery; No. 6, a crime with violence; No. 7, a suicide, and No. 8, a great catastrophe. A policeman will constantly be stationed near by to give verbal instructions to the public in case of need.

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Tea and Dyspepsia.

The word "pure," as applied to teas from Japan and China, appears to be as necessary to their sale as the omission of the word "Indian" to teas from the East. The simple fact that tea can only be tea, if it is not tea, ergo it is something else, and should be sold under another name. The cause need not be sought for, as it is simply due to the simplicity of a too confiding public. The middleman and retail dealer unite in full force, and the sapient housewife, who would instantly reject "oleomargarine" or "butterine" for butter, will most meekly accept a mixture of willow or other leaves, highly faced with copperas indigo or Prussian blue, as pure green tea, and knows when infusion and a slight knowledge of the tea leaf would frequently place all in position to test the purity of themselves. Further check is afforded in a sediment presenting an appearance like its adulterant. From most countries complaints are frequent that "pure tea" is unprocureable at any price. Still, pure tea is manufactured, but how much of it reaches the consumer of China and Japan teas as such is a question. By the time it has passed from the bush to the factory, thence to middleman and grocer, and finally into the cup of the confiding drinker, its original identity would puzzle its manufacturer to determine its class, certainly as regards Indian teas, whose frequent "accidents" and transmutations often destroy all trace of their origin. The adulteration of teas has been dilated upon ad nauseam, but a further attempt by one whose experience has awakened his interest may not now be amiss.

In a country where dyspeptic and nervous complaints are so common, their import is enhanced by the fact that to impure tea can be traced the terms of many such maladies, though popular delusion ascribes them to more remote causes. From two distinguished medical writers on the following statement on the uses and properties of tea: "Medicinal Plants," by the Principals (Mentley and Tienou.) "The principal use of tea is to form an agreeable, slightly-stimulating, soothing and refreshing beverage," etc., and further, "It was formerly believed that tea, from the opium it contained, had the effect of diminishing the waste of the body, and as a substance that does this necessarily is food, it was regarded as indirectly nutritive." Contrary opinions are advanced by equally reliable authority,

Nihilistic Work in the Baltic Provinces.

A curious story is told of the discovery that the disturbances in the Baltic Provinces of Russia originated with the Nihilists. The farm-houses in the disturbed districts lie at great distances from one another, so that the postmen in order to save themselves long and lonely walks day after day, have formed a concordat with the clergy which considerably lightens their duties. They give a whole budget of letters to their pastor, who distributes them on Sunday, when the members of his widely-scattered flock are gathered together at church. I have seen much the same thing at Geneva as to the manner by which the peasant farmers should set about "the recovery of their own lands." Arson was advised first of all; murder might follow, if necessary. But the one aim to be kept in view was to shake the confidence of the great land-owners in the security of their property, and so force them to sell their lands at the meanest figure and to depart for safety's sake out of the country. As a result of these discoveries several persons were arrested, most of whom were members of the "Young Left" or "Young Estonian" parties who insist that the Germans—though they have been settled in the land for nearly seven centuries, and have certainly introduced order and culture into it—should be expelled as "foreigners," and their landed possessions confiscated to the primitive inhabitants.—*St. James' Gazette.*

High Tides in England.

The spring tides of March and September always rise considerably higher than those in any other months of the year, but it is only when a combination of astronomical and atmospheric circumstances favors their development that their effects become remarkable. The magnitude of the lunar and solar attractions on the ocean is a matter of accurate prediction; the disturbing influence of the atmospheric pressure, both as regards direction and magnitude, is fickle and uncertain from year to year. It so happens that at the end of November each of the constituent forces by which the tides are generated is at its maximum, or very nearly so. It depends entirely on the weather how far their effects may be augmented. But there is this to be noticed, that the night tides considerably exceed the day tides called the "diurnal inequality." The explanation of this inequality has up to the present time been a difficulty, and even now the best interpretation of it is but generally guessed. Old-fashioned observers used to say that the periodicity coincided with that of "the tides," and they supposed the two classes of phenomena were in some way connected.

Nothing, of course, could be more foolish than such an idea. The "diurnal inequality" of the tides can be most satisfactorily accounted for. Although an ordinary observer the day and night tides seem to approach our shores under precisely similar conditions, yet, in reality, neither in their course of travel nor in their mode of production do they exactly resemble each other. The latest discovery of the magnitude augmented by the fact that the crest of the tide-wave which follows the moon travels daily from the Southern to the Northern Hemisphere in a direction most nearly coincident with that of the great expanse of water in the Atlantic Ocean over which it passes; the smaller tide has its magnitude diminished not only because it is due to the action of the moon on that side of the earth most remote from it, but more than all because its course is diagonal to that of the former, the tide-wave crossing the Atlantic, roughly speaking, in the direction of its breadth, while in the other case it crosses in the direction of its length.—*Cor. London Times.*

Dreadful Violation of Fashion Edicts.

A late number of a well-known fashion journal says: "Annie of Austria collarettes are suitable only for matinee jackets. Turkish fez caps are worn only as breakfast caps." Appropos of these edicts of fashion, an incident: "Several dear countesses died at the Grand, the other night we overheard a portion of their conversation.

Said one: "You notice that I have on an Annie of Austria collaret."

"Yes," responded the other. "What could you have been thinking about, my dear; you know they are only worn at matinees."

"Of course I do, and I feel so mortified. I don't see how I came to make such an awful blunder. What in the world will people think? But I am always doing something dreadful. The day after day I went down to dinner with my fez on!"

"Just think of it, wear your breakfast cap to dinner! Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous in your life?"

And the other lady avowed that she never had.

A brutal fellow next to us who had been listening to this conversation turned to us, and in a voice distinctly audible to the ladies, said:

"Queer what funny mistakes a man will make about his toilet. You wouldn't believe it now, but it's a fact that I've come here with my suspenders on wrong side out."

"Great Caesar! is that so!" we ejaculated.

"Yes," said he, "and I never felt so ashamed in my life. But I've done worse things than that."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, sir; only last Sunday I went to church with my opera hat on, and the next night I took in a variety show in my Sunday boots," and then a horrid thing went out to get a drink.

Chicago Tribune.

on old Sorrel, the mare. He had come back in a wonderfully short time, bringing a trusty little shot-gun with him, and was waiting a way up the hill just as the wolf dashed out of the woods, heading in his direction.

Tom's heart came up in his throat, but he ran for a clump of bushes close by that he thought would afford a good position for a shot, stationed himself among them, and waited.

The cries of the men in pursuit came nearer. Then the gallop into which the wolf had broken from its quick trot when it left the woods seemed to shake the very ground under him. Spring—spring—spring, came the terrified brute. Healing in sight. Tom readied his gun. And fired. The wolf uttered a cry, half bark, half screech, and giving a few lame and wounded leaps, lay bleeding on the ground. Then shot after shot from the men behind was poured in upon the poor creature, until he lay thoroughly dead. Tom Miller was quite the hero of the day, and it was voted unanimously that the wolf-skin belonged to him.

Well, Uncle Zed, why didn't you "ketch 'em," as you said you were going to?" inquired Squire Taylor, jokingly, as the men were separating to go to a late dinner.

"Don't know what in thunder ailed my gun," complained Uncle Zed, rapping that unfortunate weapon crossly; "but, after all"—straightening up proudly—"you'd never have ketched that wolf if it hadn't a ben for me."

"How's that?" asked the Squire.

"Why, goodness gracious! didn't you hear me holler? I hollered an' startled 'em all up. My!" continued the old man, reflectively, "a tremendous yell—considering a general laugh, which did not appear to damp his spirits in the least, "how I did holler!"—*Harper's Young People.*

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Friskie and the Lobsters.

Friskie was the perfection of dog docility and accomplishments. She would lay back her long glossy ears and drawing her upper lip away from the lower one, show her white teeth in the loveliest of smiles. She could leg, wait, walk on two feet, hide her breakfast and very innocently come for more; she knew the butcher and baker and grocer boy, and was always around when they were, and her delicate nostrils vibrated with life and the interest she took in everything. She had one fault—curiosity was a very strong quality, and this curiosity was her very darling. Her investigations led her into grave troubles some-times, as when she unrolled the eggs, for instance, and scratched a hole in the paper bag holding the flour, which got into her eyes and a lover her, making her look like a dusty miller. Her look of disgust when she put her paw into the broken eggs and hobbled off on three legs, with Bridget after her, being, meaning that at the dripping members was very laughable, but the time came at last when Friskie received her most impressive lesson, reproof and punishment, all at once. A covered basket had been brought in and left on the kitchen floor. Something was inside, she knew, and she sniffed and pawed around, poking her nose under the cover, which resisted all her gentle efforts. Finally she thrust her paw in—to find it clutched and pinched and held fast. In the struggle to get the cover came off and she dragged out of the basket a most horrible-looking thing, of a bluish-black color, with two round black eyes sticking straight out from its head. It did not even wink, but stared in the most solemn manner, while it held on and pinched harder the more poor Friskie tried to get away. There was no shaking the horrible thing off, and she cried and trembled as much almost from fright as from pain. Bridget, too, was afraid, and called a man, who chopped off the law, thus releasing poor Friskie, who started off with a yelp, looking very shame-faced and sore. It was only a lobster. For a while a covered basket aroused Friskie's wrath, but she kept away from it, barking at it from a distance—for this lesson so dearly earned could not soon be forgotten.

We do not wonder at Friskie's fright, for a lobster is about the ugliest-looking animal we know, but it is also a very curious one. In the first place, it frequently changes its shell, and while the new shell is hardening grows as fast as ever it can, because that is its only way of getting ready to grow another shell. Its claws are very strong, and the fishermen have to be exceedingly careful to manage them right until they can drive little wooden pegs into them to keep them closed. Friskie can testify that a nip from one is no slight thing. Lobsters fight a great deal with each other, and their limbs are frequently torn off, but this makes no particular difference to them, except for the time being, for immediately another begins to grow in the place of the lost one. They walk, however, be quite as large as when, in traveling, they crawl backward instead of forward, swims easier than it walks, and uses its tail as a propeller. It seeks clear water to swim in, and when it scents danger, almost springs through it to some hiding-place. It eats everything, and all the time. We call them voracious, because they eat a great deal, and pugnacious, because they fight a great deal, and crustaceous, because they live in a shell.—*Little Gem.*

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A Dress With 1,800 Buttons.

It almost seems incredible, and had not had ocular proof I should not dare state it, that a single dress should have on it 1,800 buttons of varying sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by seamstresses. On each sleeve there were 100 buttons; on the body, basque and skirt, all sizes, 1,700. The buttons on the skirt were arranged in triangles, squares, crosses, stars and her curious shapes, on a foundation black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a lady considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would have to be covered. The buttons were of black, some round and others flat, and many of them quite expensive. *N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

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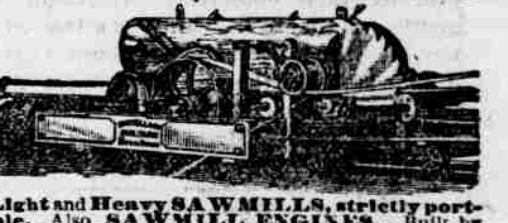
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